

Something new on Azerk

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Summary: On the island of Azerk, the chief is a woman of the name of Mardia. Mardia has promised her daughter a dracling, but all her dragon births are males. And on this amazonian island, men are not allowed. So Delie(the daughter) prays to Loki, who changes something, just a little. Soon Delie will have her dragon, but he's a male human, and a female dragon! What will their adventures be?

Something new on Azerk

(note: guess this chapter is pretty much my description, but it'll get awesomer quickly! I promise! There'll be fighting! Wars! Rebellions! P*ssed of parents and annoyed teens! And definitely some romance (that'll be in everything I write) and maybe some smut-ish? If so, very mild, I'm not big on smut. Hiccup will show up later, he's Delie's great-grandfather. Please enjoy! And I'd seriously appreciate constructive criticism!)

Mardia stood still, and watched her daughter fret. Mardia's dragon, Prestina, huddled around her egg, in the last few minutes before it hatched. Many years ago, Mardia had promised her daughter, Delie, a newborn dragon hatchling. But so far Prestina had only laid males, and men weren't allowed on the island of Azerk.

She sighed. Delie had always been so stubborn, and after she had watched Mardia train her newest dragon years before, she swore that she would have her own dragon, one of Prestina's offspring. Mardia had promised Prestina's first-born dracling to Delie, but it had been a male, as with the one after, the one after and the one after. Every male had been killed, their necks broken before they could become too strong. Every time, Mardia would watch her daughter's face as it cringed, hearing the bones snap. Every woman on the island had to kill their dragon's male offspring, but nothing made it easier.

The egg rocked, and Prestina rolled it closer to her steaming body. Delie anxiously threw another bucket of hot water on them. The water

helped make sure the egg would hatch in a comfortable environment, and Delie wanted this dracling to be born in the most comfortable environment ever.

Finally, the shell cracked and broke, exploding rather violently. Delie knelt nearby, terrified that it would once again be a male. The small head emerged, a shimmering, shining blue, the most beautiful that Prestina had birthed yet. Delie looked at it, glancing at Prestina for a moment. The dragon changed to her human form, nodded sadly, and picked it up gently. The newly human Prestina washed her baby off with a new bucket of hot water, and once all the hatching goop had been cleaned, handed the dracling to Mardia. Mardia handled it just as carefully as she had handled Delie as a baby, carefully and gingerly, and checked its gender.

It was male. Again. Mardia looked to her daughter and shook her head. Delie's eyes filled with tears instantly. The baby lay still, as if he knew what was to happen next.

"Please mom, can I please have him?" Delie begged. Mardia felt like crying as well, there was nothing more in this world that she wanted than to hand this baby dragon to her daughter and let her keep him, but that wasn't how Azerk worked. This was a women only island, with an offshoot island for the men. When human males were born they were taken care of for a small amount of time, and then handed over to the baby's father and never bothered about again. Male draclings were another matter, they were just plain old killed. That was how it worked here, and even though she was the chief, Mardia couldn't change it just for her daughter.

She shook her head. "I'm sorry Delie, this is the way things have always been." And she broke the dracling's neck. Prestina lowered her head, knowing that once again she had no baby to take care of. Delie just cried. "I'm so sorry Delie."

"That's ok mom, I know how things work, and if I ever want to become chief, I must follow the rules." Tears streamed down Delie's face. Mardia put the dead dracling on the ground and knelt to hug her daughter, her most precious person in the world. All she wanted, all she ever wanted, was to make her daughter happy, to watch her smile, to hear her laughter. Not this, not these tears, never these tears.

'Please Odin, oh mighty god of the skies, please make the next dracling a female, I beg of you, please.' The mother prayed silently.

That night Delie knelt at her bedside, something she hadn't done since she was a child, and prayed to all the gods she could think of. Odin, Thor, Freya, Loki, every single one.

Every prayer went the same way; Please let Prestina's next dracling be a girl. Please let Prestina's next dracling be a girl. Please let Prestina's next dracling... over and over and over again. Every other young human girl her age had a dragon of her own, some of them had dragons already large enough to fly on, or to talk to. Only she, the chief's daughter, didn't have one yet.

She sobbed.

Why? Why was life so unfair? Her mother had the most beautiful dragon in the village, and every dracling Prestina hatched was more gorgeous than the last. But all were male. Delie climbed into her bed and continued to weep. She wept for hours.

Finally, before she fell asleep, she made one last prayer to Loki, the god of tricksters. "Please Loki," she whispered through chapped lips "make the next dracling born female, I know you can do it, you're the most likely one able to do it." and she fell unconscious.

Far away, the god heard her plea, and thought it might be fun. Make a male dracling born female? What a challenge! One he couldn't possibly pass up... he jumped high into the air, and his body changed fluidly into that of a black dragon. Loki's new form was large, with shining ebony scales that hinted at a hidden wealth. His wings were wide and very grand.

Loki made an impressive dragon.

He began to fly towards Azerk, picking up more speed as he flew, wings pumping the air until it almost sang as he moved through it. Suddenly thunder clapped and Odin appeared, standing on a dark and murderous cloud.

>"Loki, what is your plan?" the old god asked his son.<p>

"Oh, not much father. I just want to grant this little girl her wish..." Loki said nonchalantly.

Odin furrowed his brows. "I got the same request, from the girl and her mother. Perhaps you fail to realize that I might have a plan concerning the two of them?"

"Ah, father, you fail to remember that I play my own key part in this plan of yours. You want the women to fall, don't you?" Loki smirked. Odin looked embarrassed for a moment, but quickly recovered his earlier aura. Loki continued "You want them to fall because they don't pray to you as often as they should, am I right?"

"They pray even less to you, my insolent son!" Odin thundered.

"And even less to your favourite son, Thor. Yeah yeah, I know. Doesn't bother me, I don't need prayers to keep my powers. You want the women to fall to the strength of men, and I'm going to, how shall I put this... plant the seed?"

Glaring eyes pierced Loki, almost making him curl his tail between his legs.

"You were not part of my original design, but perhaps you can still play a part..." Odin mused.

"So, yeah, great talk, I've gotta go, see a dragon, about a thing. Bye!" just as Loki turned to go, another godly figure appeared. Freya, Odin's wife and Loki's mother, stood on a soft, white cloud before them. The air crackled.

"Loki, you plan to wreak havoc, like always, and we can't change that. But Odin. I'm disappointed with you." Freya looked at her husband. To outsiders she may have looked calm, but her family knew

her well, there was a storm brewing."You wish to create the downfall of an amazing empire, founded nearly as long ago as me? Their civilization might be crude compared to ours, but they are miles ahead of many of their kind."

>Odin blinked his one good eye, as Loki got tired of flapping around and summoned a cloud of his own to rest upon. His was an awful, sick shade of cloud, one that told of unusual storms ahead.<p>

Freya's expression continued to darken, almost imperceptibly, as she marched on in her speech. "I don't mind much at all, Loki's going to stir up mischief," At this Loki smiled triumphantly at his father. "But don't forget that I was not left out of these prayers, and that these people are mine own, given by you to me!"

A soft rain began to fall, the only noise in the area. The gods didn't get wet, their auras protecting them, but they were all aware of its chilling effects. Freya turned from them and made like she was about to return to her throne when she stopped.

"Odin, You are forgetting the most important thing of all. That this plan of yours might fail, and the women's rein will continue, becoming stronger for all your meddling." And with that, she vanished. Odin looked toward his son.

"Don't think this is over, we will finish this conversation, in a place where Freya cannot interfere." And Odin vanished as well.

Loki drew in breath. On one hand, he was given real permission by his mother to fu- ahem, mess with the humans, on the other, Odin had taken his cloud and the waves were coming up pretty fast. He spread his wings once more, their awesome width catching the air as easily as a kite. His paws glanced off the water, as he soared back into the sky. Now, time for the real fun to start!

Far below, Mardia awoke with a start. Something big was going to happen, she just didn't realize what it was yet.

End
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